

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



THE VOYAGE TO IRELAND.

THE CLACKITTS OF INGLEBROOK HALL.

CHAPTER XXXI.—EXPLANATORY.

It will be better, after giving Jane's account of Mr. and Mrs. Glide, to follow them across the Channel, and learn a little of their ways in Ireland.

Rosabella's pride had made her endeavour to conceal from Jane what she could not hide from herself, and had great difficulty to forgive—namely, the fact that her husband had no care for anything connected with her save her money. She still retained so

much of the infatuation that from the first had made her surrender herself up to him as to be easily induced to make any sacrifice he required, and to credit any of his protestations; but, when he had no immediate object in view, he treated her in such a way that she writhed under the miserable conviction that he both hated and despised her. To a proud spirit like hers this was, indeed, the height of suffering. Besides which, she had never before felt the slightest approach to affection for any human being—and now, when all the love that her selfish heart

was capable of was centred on this one being—that *he* should cast her off! Oh, the bitterness of spirit with which she sat on the deck, watching the foam as it poured off from the paddles!

She had been very far from well for some time. The close lodging, the indifferent food, the want of many comforts and necessities, to which she had been subject in London, would have been of slight importance had her mind been at rest and her heart satisfied; but when they were added to a broken spirit, they helped to injure her health. The violent passions to which she had accustomed herself at all times to give vent, were now kept down by one stronger than all. She dared not throw away what might be hers of her husband's regard, by a display of her true temper, but it cost her much to restrain herself, and at times her brain seemed dizzy with the effort.

"Cold?" said Mr. Glide, as he passed her, in walking up and down the deck. Even this one word was a comfort to her, and seemed to open the way for some conversation, but when she looked round to answer, he had turned and was walking back; and presently she saw him leaning over the side of the packet, talking with some passengers. He did not return near where she sat for more than an hour. Tears followed each other down her face. She thought of her kind old mother, and her patient love.

Mr. Glide had secured enough money for present purposes; and having no doubt of being able to get more when he wanted it, he took no trouble to conceal from his wife that her happiness and misery were equally indifferent to him at this time. Just as they were about to land he came to her, and without looking at her—he seldom looked at her if he could help it—said, "That girl's luggage had better return in the packet and be sent to the inn."

"Will you direct it to Inglebrook?"

"Oh no, you will do that, and the sooner it is done, the better—we are at land already."

The luggage, however, was already directed, for Jane had never intended to go to Ireland, and had written in her best round hand, "Passenger to Inglebrook."

They went to a good inn on first landing; and Mr. Glide ordered a better dinner than Rosabella had sat down to for some time.

"Shall we go on direct to Rath Glide?"

"No; we must remain here a few days. They are not prepared for our coming; besides, I want to show you about Dublin; there is much worth seeing in the old city."

Was it possible! How very kind. She looked at him as if to find out the meaning of this demonstration.

He sat peeling his walnuts, and did not give her a view of his face. After one or two trifling remarks, he said, as if a sudden thought occurred to him,—

"Rosabella, there's one thing, by-the-by, which it would be prudent to do before we attempt to face the family at Rath Glide."

"What is that?"

"You must get all the securities for your property into your own hands—in fact, you must at once convert all your property into money. I find that the estate bordering on my father's is for sale, and I should like to take you, with the price in your hand, as the purchaser. This would ensure

you respect, of course; and the investment will be excellent."

"But my money is well invested now."

Mr. Glide looked up for a moment, and then went on peeling his walnuts.

"Still, if you think this would be better—"

"As you please," said Mr. Glide.

It need hardly be added that her husband soon secured all her property—leaving none under her control beyond the few notes that she had in her purse.

"Now," said he, "I think you will have no difficulty in making an honourable entry into Rath Glide."

He had been so much more kind and attentive, had behaved with what she was satisfied to call affection to her for the month that they spent in Dublin, while he was collecting her property together, that she was quite elated with joy.

Mr. Glide had been to London two or three times during their stay; but he had charged her, on each occasion, to deny herself nothing during his absence. Rosabella endured the loneliness of his absence, in the hope that her introduction to his family would soon place her in the position she had so long coveted. "I shall meet Miss McRocket as an equal!" she thought, as she amused herself by looking over her dresses and trinkets, and deliberating in which she should make her first appearance.

On the morning after the last journey, as they were busying themselves in making up the money into packets, he said, "I think, my love, after all, I had better go first to Rath Glide, and bring my sisters to fetch you."

"My love!" Did she really hear so musical a sound from his lips—uttered, too, with the smile that she was accustomed to see in the first days of their acquaintance?

"You ought not to go in a common travelling conveyance. They shall return with me in the family carriage. We can post—it is due to you, my dear!"

Rosabella looked, but did not answer. She could not bear the idea of being left alone again; still the motive was so entirely kind, that she thought it ungenerous to contend.

"If you think it better, then—?"

"Without doubt, I do. As the McRockets are so close, it is prudent that we should use all means of self-respect. I speak entirely on your account. I assure you I dislike a long journey alone, and I hope that this is the last time I shall leave you!"

All was arranged, and very early next morning Mr. Urban Glide left his wife, giving her strict charge to be dressed in the most becoming way on the day fixed for his return, and to take, as before, all care of herself in his absence.

It was not misgiving, but it was a sort of presentiment which made Rosabella think uneasily of the whole of her money and her husband having gone together, while she was left alone in a strange place.

"This is the last day," she said, as she awoke on the morning of that on which she expected her husband's return, and she dressed herself with all possible care. He had not specified the hour, and it was not until night had fairly set in that she gave him up. Then, undefined doubts arose in her mind, and filled her with sadness. "He has been detained;

he could not be certain to a day." She said this with her lips, but her heart by no means echoed it.

Twelve o'clock—and she prepared to go to bed; when a loud ringing at the hotel door, with the rattle of wheels, for a moment reassured her. She stood in a fever of expectation as the door opened, and in walked—Mr. Britton.

She almost screamed—but not with joy.

"I am not welcome to you," he said; "but you will forgive my visit when I tell you what has brought me."

Rosabella turned from him with sullen vexation.

Mr. Britton looked at his watch. "Rosabella," he added, "it is late—I have a long story to communicate; are you inclined to listen?"

No answer followed. Mr. Britton rang for coffee, thinking that the interval before its arrival might restore Mrs. Glide to her presence of mind.

His cool and steady manner mastered her; though, indeed, there was far less to master now than in old times. She did not speak, but there was something more promising in her look, as she resumed the seat from which his entrance had called her. Mr. Britton had gained full information respecting the unprincipled man who had deserted her.

As the result of diligent inquiries, he had ascertained that the swindler was the son of Walter Glide, agent or land steward—or bailiff in fact—to a gentleman whose estate joined that of Sir Thomas McRocket. His great natural ability and winning manners had made his father hope great things from him. He had bestowed upon him a most expensive and liberal education, but principle he could not give him. In every conceivable way he had shown himself a rogue, and had more than once narrowly escaped the hands of the law. Gambling had swallowed up his own small resources, and all the money he could, under various pretences, obtain from his father, besides certain sums with which he was entrusted by his employer, and for which he was answerable. Things wore a serious aspect, and ruin seemed inevitable. A sudden thought of possessing himself of the fortune of Rosabella Clackitt as a means of escape, was suggested by the stories of Sir Thomas McRocket, with whose society he was frequently honoured. The baronet's estate joined that of Walter Glide's employer, and the two landlords were as close in intimacy as their lands were in position.

Sir Thomas enjoyed nothing more than the exhibition of his wit, and the manner in which he had played off the Clackitt family was, in his opinion, one of the most brilliant displays that he had ever made of his powers. He was not particular as to the stamp of his admirers. When he could not command a laugh in society like the Walthams, he was contented with diverting Walter Glide and his son, whom he often sought for another purpose, namely, to avail himself of hints as to their management of his neighbour's lands, which hints he made due use of over his own. It was in the power of a bailiff much confided in, as Walter Glide was, to favour his estate or to deprive it of advantages in various ways; hence another reason for the cordiality and freedom with which he always treated him and Urban.

It was after a description of the first meeting with Mr. Clackitt, at General Waltham's, with which the baronet favoured his auditors, that he suddenly turned and said, "But, really, the old man was

nothing to Miss Rosy,—oh, Miss Rosy!" Then he launched forth into story after story of her vulgarity and folly, and his witty exposure of them. "Old Tommy told me he could give her twenty thousand pounds; but she would be a dear bargain at twice the price."

"Twenty thousand pounds!" thought Mr. Urban Glide. "Twice the price! Why, half the sum would be a prize to me." By adroit questioning, he ascertained that Miss Rosy was, so far as Sir Thomas knew, still unmarried, and that a suitor in his own style as to personal appearance would be well received, if he could persuade her into being satisfied with his position. From that time he lost no opportunity of gaining information respecting the visit of the McRockets to the Manor House, and the peculiarities of Miss Rosabella. Sir Thomas amply furnished him with the information, being outwitted, with all his wit, by his pretended admirer, and mistaking the eager attention which greeted his oft-told tales for delighted approval of his humour.

How he acted on the knowledge thus gained, has been related. It took much to reconcile him to the extremity of marrying Rosabella, for whom he felt an indescribable antipathy from the first; but having decided on leaving her as soon as he had possessed himself of her fortune, he counted the cost, and determined to go through with his carefully deliberated scheme.

And now, in bitterest anguish, and with an undefined dread of the future, the miserable wife gazed at Mr. Britton. Then covering her face with her hands, she burst into an agony of tears.

Mr. Britton knew not the spring whence these tears arose. Were they those of penitence? Was she softened? After waiting till the first emotion had subsided, he addressed her with gentle firmness: "Rosabella, in your present condition, I have nothing to say but what is necessary, and I hope may help you in your unhappy circumstances."

"My unhappy circumstances, Mr. Britton!" said Rosabella, scornfully, recovering her spirits and voice. "I beg you not to concern yourself about my circumstances—they are perfectly happy (her voice struggling with her tears). I am sorry I was so weak as to give way to my feelings, but I was so much disappointed when I saw you. I expected my husband."

"Really?" said Mr. Britton.

"He may come yet," she continued, regaining a little composure. "This is the day he appointed, and he always keeps his appointments; but something may have detained him."

Mr. Britton looked at her with pity. Anxiety, and the misery of an unrequited affection, or rather infatuation, had made deep ravages in her health, and an evident alteration in her appearance. His dislike to her had always been very decided; and he had seldom looked at her, or spoken to her, except when compelled; but her altered person, and her broken spirit, so perceptible through her assumed defiant manner, were enough to touch him, and with more kindly feeling he gently added, "Rosabella, don't expect him; you won't see him—to-night." He would have said—"any more," but the ashy paleness that overspread her face, warned him to be careful.

"Are you acquainted with Mr. Glide's movements?" said Rosabella, faintly, and not daring to raise her eyes to his face.

"Yes, I am; and I am afraid you are little prepared for what I have to tell you."

"Have you seen him? Where is he?" she asked, in a hurried voice.

"I have not seen him, and I don't know where he is. He will take care, Rosabella, that none of your friends shall see him, or discover his hiding-place, till he is beyond our reach."

"What do you mean, Mr. Britton, by speaking in such a manner of my husband? I insist—" and, in a moment, she assumed the tiger attitude and manner so natural to her in former days.

Mr. Britton laid his hand on her arm and said, with a decision which he would have found it difficult to display, but for her impetuous attack: "He has absconded. You had better know the truth. He is a man unworthy of the name of man. He has robbed you of everything, and deserted you. You will never see him again. And now be calm. I am telling you the truth, however painful it may be to hear. I wish some one else had had to tell it you. I have traced out the whole scheme of his villainy, and you have been the victim of his wiles," and your own self-will, he would have added, but pity restrained him. "If you will not believe me, read this," he continued, laying a letter before her. "You know the writing. It contains the only spark of feeling he ever showed for you."

The letter was from Mr. Urban Glide to Mr. Middleton. It stated, in the coolest and smoothest terms, that the writer feared that he had given some uneasiness to the Clackitt family, which he much regretted; that he was on the point of leaving for the continent, where he should remain for an indefinite period; that in the meantime their relative, who had really thrust herself upon him, would be found at — Hotel, Dublin, where he thought it advisable that they should seek her, as she was without a companion, or the means of providing herself with a home. It was certainly the kindest thing he could do to leave her, he argued, since he had long seen that he could not possibly live with her, and yet was unable to distress her by telling her so himself; he therefore requested them to break it to her, and concluded by wishing her and Inglebrook all conceivable happiness. The letter remained long in Rosabella's hands—she could not doubt the writing, but could it be indeed true? Yes, she believed it now; the strong efforts she had made to blind herself no longer availed her—the truth stood revealed. He had loved her money, but *hated* her. The dread of this had more than once overcome her determination to hope the reverse. Now, hope and dread were equally at an end.

"Speak, Rosabella, are you convinced?" said Mr. Britton, who hardly knew what to say, but was nervous at her long silence. "This man is now known to us. He is the son of Walter Glide, agent, or bailiff, to a Mr. O'Neale, whose estates join those of Sir Thomas McRocket. From his infancy he has been equal in wit and wickedness—a profligate spendthrift. He heard from that unworthy man, Sir Thomas McRocket, of his visit to Inglebrook, and of his treatment of your father and yourself, of which he boasted to any that would listen. He heard of your money, and thought a marriage with you an easy method of becoming rich, and obtaining the means of enjoying himself. With this object, he possessed himself of all the needful information. You know the rest. We have spared no trouble

to get at the truth. I wish it had been more pleasant, or better worth learning."

Again he waited; but finding that he was about to speak, she lifted her head.

"I am not the first person who has been deceived," she said, articulating the words with difficulty, and forcing a ghastly smile.

Mr. Britton would have better known how to meet a passionate outbreak than this unnatural calm. He looked at her with perplexity, and tried a few words of comfort, but they did not come forth freely.

Rosabella seemed unconscious of his endeavours. "It is very late," she said; "I shall see you in the morning, and then you will say what I am to do."

He asked her if it would not be some relief to her to talk over her plans before she went to bed, for he did not like to lose sight of her till she had lost that look of vacancy that was settling on her face; but she put her hand to her head, and left him, simply replying, "A night's rest: I want a night's rest."

He looked doubtfully after her, questioning much whether there would be rest for her that night; then, as his thoughts reverted to his home, his children, and his wife, he inwardly exclaimed, "Is it possible that they can be sisters!"

CHAPTER XXXII.—CONCLUDING.

A FEW words will suffice to complete my story, and to tell the reader what became of some of its chief characters. Mrs. Clackitt enjoyed a calm and happy old age with her dear Priscilla and her family. Rosabella soon became satisfied that the worst statements about Urban Glide were too true, and in sad sorrow she reaped the fruit of her folly and sin. She often found a refuge with Mrs. Ferriby, when her still ungoverned temper and bitter recollections made Priscilla's home distasteful to her. Poor Mrs. Ferriby always wrote hopefully to Mrs. Britton as to the impression she trusted she had made after every visit of Rosabella.

Mr. Middleton found the heir-at-law and his old ally great comforts and assistants in his parish, and the old inhabitants, Dawkins and his wife, and Nippy and his wife, and others, declared that Inglebrook was as good a place to live in for body and soul as was to be found in all England.

Mr. Ferriby put up a plain monument to the memory of poor Will, and as he and Mr. Middleton stood looking at it, one summer evening, he said, "Poor fellow, he had little wisdom, yet enough to bring peace and happiness to his soul, and he is now safe among his people. Happy they who have as good a hope of an inheritance, incorruptible, undivided, and that cannot pass away."

POMPEII.

BY HOWARD HOPLBY.

II.

THE street-door to the left of the dyer's shop opens into the private house at the back: it is not the house, however, but the doorposts that engage our notice. They introduce us to an episode in Pompeian political life. There were elections in the city. The mysteries of the polling-booth and all the paraphernalia of touting for votes, had place even in Pompeii.

Two candidates for edileship puffed their claims on the two pillars aforesaid, and their placards still remain, in red letters big enough to catch the passing voter's eye. *Pray choose Camilla for Edile* is on one post, *Proculus wishes Popidius for Edile* on the other. Whether Popidius or Camilla were elected nobody knows. At any rate their names are immortalised beyond their wildest hopes. As for the Pompeian *affiches*, their name is legion. Every eligible place in the streets is scribbled over with them. They generally, too, have the advantage of being less dull and monotonous than our own. *O, Proculus, vote for Sabinus, and he will do the same for thee*, is a *quid pro quo* not so practicable in modern days. The electoral bill-stickers were as great a nuisance in Pompeii as with us. They had to be warned off. One gentleman writes up on the wall of his house, *Please inscribe nothing here*. Another, with less suavity, doubtless exasperated at his powerlessness against these irrepressible bill-stickers, who always take a mean advantage of the night, says, in red capitals: *Cursed be the candidate who puffs himself here! May he never succeed*. At Pompeii every class had its own special favourite. There was the fisherman's candidate, the pastrycook's candidate—gardeners, muleteers, labourers, theatre-goers, each had their candidate. We see written up: *The fishermen favour Popidius Rufus. The labourers lean to Marcellus*, etc. And the virtues of each are gone through, sometimes straggling all down to the bottom of the wall. Gladiators could not vote. Women did not vote (nor is it clear that they ever clamoured for the privilege), but they exercised their unquestionable right of influencing voters. Many traces of this are on the walls. This or that lady has written up her beloved candidate's name, with a prayer that voters would have the good sense to give such an one their suffrages.

Proculus was evidently a well-known man in Pompeii. Our guide takes us to see his house. It is built on the same plan as most of the chief houses in the city. Figure to yourself a dwelling running back from the street, having two separate courts, one behind the other, both open to sun and sky. The first the atrium, and the second the peristyle. They are divided by a kind of drawing-room (*tablinium*), which communicates by opposite doors and windows with both courts. When privacy was required, a thick embroidered curtain could be let down to hide either the one or the other. A shadowy arcade ran round both courts, something like a monk's cloister, and doors and windows beneath opened to the various offices, bedrooms, *cubicula*, of the house. A narrow hall led to the street-door. Such is a rough sketch of the town mansion of Proculus. The inner court, or peristyle, was sacred to the family. There are remains of a little garden: two small marble fountains, also, that in the old time sent a little cascade trickling over a diminutive rockery into a flower-bed, whose shape you can now see. You see the double rows of columns that mapped out a mellow, cloistered gloom in that perfumed retreat, where among the roses and lilies the ladies Proculus spent their elegant leisure or killed time to their hearts' content. The cloister pavement is still perfect. It is of alternate diamonds of brick and marble. The doors of the chambers, or *cubicula*, opening upon it, are decorated with the finest of paintings, whose colours would harmonise pleasantly with the flower-garden and greenery in the centre of the court. The peri-

style, as aforesaid, was private. If the Pompeian Smith visited his friend Jones, Jones would receive him in the atrium. There the two could lounge at their ease on sofas, hob-nob together, and settle the nation's affairs to their perfect satisfaction. But into the peristyle Smith could not come. His farthestmost point of discovery was the *tablinium*, which, as we have seen, separated the two courts. The *tablinium* might be used as a parlour, a library, picture-gallery, sometimes dining-room. It certainly was the coolest refuge on a sultry afternoon. Possibly Smith might here, through rifts in the rich and heavy curtains, catch casual glimpses of the sunny delights beyond. But it was only a stolen pleasure. And in fact the intercourse of families—that which makes the chief charm of modern society—was almost unknown in Pompeii.

An unfortunate hen was found dead in the peristyle of Proculus's house. But all other living creatures had left it before the moment of doom. A woman, however, in making her escape fell dead in the atrium. She had evidently spent her last moments in gathering up all her jewels, amulets, and precious things, and with this glittering lapful she was running away when death tripped her up in open court. She never rose again. All her sparkling spoils lay vainly scattered about her. For their safety she had likely enough sacrificed her only chance of life. But the body she trusted they would adorn mouldered beside them century after century, and jewels and skeleton alike came to light after 1800 years and told the tale. Hardly any risk a woman will not make to save that which she most loves, be it trinkets or child. It is a fact that in the eruption of 1764, the nuns of Torre del Greco nearly suffered themselves to be surrounded by burning lava in tarrying to gather up and carry off their pots of jams and sweetmeats.

Of the inhabitants of Pompeii thousands perished, but it is supposed that many more were saved. Many hand in hand groped their way through the streets, and so escaped to the open country. At the chief gate, it will be remembered, there stood a sentinel, who sternly kept his post through the thunders of that dreadful day. He died in harness. Planted in his sentry box, he covered his mouth with his tunic, and held on against the choking and sulphurous shower. But the ashes fell and fell, and finally filled the box, and buried the poor soldier alive, still grasping his weapon in one hand and veiling his mouth with the other. There after ages of rest he was found—a grisly skeleton clutching a rusty sword.

Sad discoveries were made in the street leading to that gate. There were two skeletons locked in close embrace, the teeth perfect, indicating youth in its prime: skeletons of a young man and maid. They had fallen together in their flight, and death had wedded them. There was a mother with her three children hand in hand, who tried vainly to outrun death. Perhaps the mother singly might have done it, but she could not leave her children. Plenty of food for sad thought is furnished in remembering that 600 skeletons have been already exhumed!—many in such positions and circumstances as give clue to very touching episodes accompanying the final catastrophe. The mind may muse on that terrible scene till it shrinks in terror from the images itself has conjured up. Of the family of Diomed, seventeen persons were stifled in a wine-cellar well-stocked with amphoræ of wine, some of which bore the date of

the vintage. The fugitives, in their agony of fear, stood all huddled in a corner. One swooning girl fell forwards on to the bed of ashes that had drifted in. She left the impress of her bosom in the drift like a seal in softened wax. You may still see the tell-tale cast in the Naples Museum.

An interesting little circumstance is connected with one of these houses. The skeleton of a dove was found in a niche overlooking the garden. Like the sentinel, she had kept to her post, sat on her nest through all the storm, and from beneath her was taken the egg she would not leave.

We have spoken of the jewels scattered broadcast in the atrium of Proculus's house. No money was found. Those bearing the money had escaped. Perhaps not far; for a woman was unearthed in the street hard by, who had fallen clutching a bag of gold. It was in connection with this woman that one of the most interesting of M. Fiorelli's discoveries came about. I will try to explain it. He had often noticed in crumbling off the hardened ashes from the outworks of a skeleton, that the mass still bore a cast of the body and limbs of the victim, while in the flesh. A brilliant idea struck him, and he immediately carried it into practice. It will be remembered, as before stated, that at the eruption fine ashes fell like a snowdrift upon everything, succeeded by sulphurous showers. Those persons, therefore, who succumbed in the street or other open places were completely enveloped. They were snowed up, as it were. The drift shrouded them with a clinging garment of scorice and sulphurous rain intermingled, which took the exact mould and impress of their form in the attitude and terrors of the last supreme moment. Evaporation hardened and petrified this mass and kept it in shape. The fleshly body within the mould crumbled away, of course, with lapse of time, but the tell-tale cavity remained intact. And it is perfect to this day. Now M. Fiorelli's object was to get into the vicinity of one of these hollows without injuring the crust. This he did in the case of the woman I have mentioned. Having cut away the scorice as near as could safely be done, a small aperture was made, and into this Mr. Fiorelli poured liquid plaster-of-paris till the whole cavity was filled up. When it had thoroughly hardened, he and his assistants anxiously and carefully removed the last crust of ashes, and lo! the perfect cast and model of a woman came out. After eighteen centuries the dead form lay manifest—the exact counterpart of the poor victim, moulded by herself, as she fell struggling with the grim destroyer. She gripped a bag of money and other valuables in her hand. They were there safe and sound. M. Fiorelli sent them to the Naples Museum—ninety-nine pieces of money, two silver vases, some keys and jewels. Hurrying along the street, she had tripped and fallen on her left side. Her arm is raised and twisted. The hand, beautifully formed, is clutched as if in despair: you would say the nails were entering the skin. As for the body, it is drawn together; but the legs, which are perfectly moulded, seem to be thrust out as if battling with the encroaching death. Her head-dress is clearly distinguishable. The very tissue of her garments is seen, and indeed in parts the linen threads have stuck to the mould. She had two silver rings on her finger, and to judge from appearances must have been a lady of some rank.

Succeeding in this, M. Fiorelli made casts of

others of the slain. We saw them at his house. There was one of a mother and daughter who had apparently fallen together in the street. The bodies lay close, the legs crossing. The plaster has united them in one cast. The signs of suffering are not so manifest here as in the other case. They were apparently poor people. The mother (if it were the mother) has on her finger an iron ring. Her left leg is drawn up as if with a spasm of pain. As for the young girl, her form perfectly modelled without any rigidity, in the flush and bloom of hearty youth—fifteen, perhaps, little more than a child—impresses the beholder with mournful interest. She seems, poor thing, not to have struggled much for life. One of her hands is half open, as if holding something, perhaps the veil that she had torn off. The texture of her dress is exactly reproduced, the stitches even, and the sleeves that reach to her wrist. Several rents and holes here and there show the flesh beneath. The needlework on her sandals is there, and in fact you have in plaster the very counterpart of the girl just as she lay in the last swoon seventy years after Christ. You have taken Death in the very act. She had covered her face with her tunic to keep out the choking ashes, and she fell in running, face to the ground. No strength was left to get up again. But in the effort to save her young life, she put out her arm, and her head drooped upon it, and then she died.

Many more would have perished in Pompeii had it not been a day of festival when all the world was at the theatre. All those holiday-makers escaped. Looking up from the games in the arena they must have seen the awful portent flaming above, when Vesuvius vomited forth his first fires. They took warning in time and fled from the city. The placards are still on the walls that announced the theatrical performances of that day of doom. The Pompeians were a theatre-going people. Proofs are abundant that the city was almost wholly given up to pleasure. Pompeii was to the Romans what Corinth was to the Greeks. Situated in a perfect Eden of natural beauty, where green uplands, and lofty mountain, and the soft inflection of rivers and valleys blent with the shifting splendours of sunlight and moonlight on the tideless sea, everything was there that tempted to indolence and ease. All spoke to the senses, and the life the Pompeian lived was the life of the senses. It was the froth of the wine-cup; that once passed, all fell flat and tasteless. Even now, when the city has been dead, and buried, and dug up again, you are startled with a certain air of gaiety, that still clings to it. But it is the ghastly gaiety of some ancient coquette, who, spite of age and wrinkles, will persist in decking her shrivelled form with the garlands and gewgaws of youth.

There appear never to have been many poor in Pompeii. Excepting slaves, few perhaps were forced to work hard for their living. And then living was so easy! Doubtless Pompeii had its ranks of serious men, its philosophers, its moralists. But they made less noise than the rest, and all trace of their being is gone. No vestige or mark of Christianity has yet been discovered. Pleasure was the Dead Sea fruit the Pompeians clutched at. Remembrances of its luscious but deceitful bloom are seen in every street, in every building, in every picture, while of the poison just within, the terrors of that dreadful day have stamped a lasting reminder.

The amphitheatre aforementioned is almost uninjured. Seats, arena, podium, dens for the beasts, are all there. It would hold 10,000 people. Spectacles of all sorts were given—bull fights, tight-rope dancing, egg dancing, boar and bear baiting, athletes, pantomimes. Gladiators, however, were most in favour. According to the announcements on the walls, there were five different troops of them in Pompeii. To show what hold the taste had gotten on the youthful mind, there still exist rough sketches of gladiators scribbled over the walls all about the city—wonderful-looking warriors in all sorts of impossible attitudes. Vagrant boys seem to have been the perpetrators. Give a modern urchin a bit of charcoal, bring him to a wall, and tell him to draw a soldier, and the chances are he will produce just such a picture.

It is wonderful with what precision you can call up the old scenes at the theatre. There were *tesserae*, or tickets for places. Many have been found of bone or terra-cotta, shaped like an almond or fish, and indicating the seats to which the holder was entitled. This ticket was delivered to a *locarius*, a man who found your place and took you to it. Programmes also were sold to the spectator at these games. Once in, what a spectacle confronted him! Crowds of eager sightseers were gathered bank above bank. Women in gay summer raiment were there partly to see, but more to be seen, as is the custom still. No effort was spared by the management to ensure comfort and ease. In one public announcement (on the walls) it is stated that the great veil over the top of the theatre will be drawn for a sunshade—that there will be a sprinkling of perfumed water. It ends by saying that the entertainment will take place no matter what weather it may be—"that the day is fixed, and the gladiators furious." Sometimes, however, the wind prevented the use of this veil; in which case Martial, writing, it is thought, of this very theatre, announces "that he will keep on his hat." This copious sprinkling of scented water must have been highly refreshing to hysterical amateurs after some of the sickening scenes of the arena. A batch of slain gladiators were hooked and dragged off to the *spoliarium*. Immediately there fell a soft and perfumed shower. The hush and tension that held that vast multitude in a spell of morbid sympathy ended; gaiety at once was resumed. It is astonishing to us how gentle and pitiful women could complacently survey such scenes of blood.

By the aid of these little allusions, and of the announcements on the walls, the modern visitor, as he sits on the silent seats, may repeople that Pompeian amphitheatre, and call up in vision the festival scenes of the last fatal day.

One word about the inscriptions on the walls. They are, as we have said, very numerous, and they are amongst the most curious illustrations of the manners and customs of everyday life. In one place a schoolboy who could not reach higher than three feet has scratched up the Greek alphabet on the wall. Sometimes these *graffiti*, as the Italians call them, are done in red paint; sometimes the inscription is on a tablet of white, the *album* of the Roman architect. They are interesting as giving view to the intimate life of the *bourgeoisie*. They describe the loves and hatreds of little people. One is the advertisement of "an apartment to let" in the month of July; another is a reward for lost property. A

tradesman says that somebody has "taken an amphora of wine from his shop. He will give sixty-five sesterces to the man who brings it back; and if the thief is brought with it, so many sesterces more."

Space will not permit the mention of many other of the new and interesting discoveries that M. Fiorelli has made. But it is satisfactory to know that the works are still going on, and that the city which Vesuvius, by burying, has preserved to the world, will, when its shroud of ashes is finally torn away, present a nearly perfect instance of a Roman town of the days of Vespasian.

ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.

THE Elementary Education Bill, the topic of much parliamentary discussion towards the latter part of the late session, is now statute law. The difficulties encountered in the passing of the measure were numerous, arising from discordant opinions on the subject of national education; and also from the necessity of adjusting the new scheme to the denominational system already existing. The denominational or voluntary schools are twenty thousand in number. Under the old system the State could only look idly on until voluntary effort took the initiative and made a demand on the Privy Council for aid. Now the State occupies a new position in relation to the untaught or ill-educated youth of the country, and stands forth as the responsible agent and primary motive power in the great work of instruction. The protracted debates which preceded the settlement of this question were followed with much interest, but as a popular knowledge of the subject is essential to the satisfactory working of any measure, we make no apology for returning to it. What, then, in brief, are the provisions of the new law?

First, we may premise that the whole of England is divided into school districts; these coincide in the metropolis with the well-known parliamentary divisions; in other towns with the borough boundaries; and elsewhere in the country with the parishes. The main requirement of the Act is thus expressed: "There shall be provided for every district a sufficient amount of public elementary school accommodation for all the children resident in such district." The Education Department will cause full inquiry to be made, and on the returns furnished will consider whether any and what further school accommodation is required. Wherever a deficiency exists, a school board is to be formed for that district and is to supply the deficiency.

The school boards in boroughs are to be elected by those whose names are on the burgess roll, in parishes by the ratepayers, and in the metropolis under certain special conditions. The members of the board are in the City of London to be elected by the same persons and in the same manner as common councilmen, and in the other divisions of the metropolis in the same manner as vestrymen. The members of a school board, except in the metropolis, are to be not less than five nor more than fifteen; and at every election every voter shall be entitled to a number of votes equal to the number of the members of the board to be elected, and may give all such votes to one candidate, or may distribute them among the candidates as he thinks fit.

The school board for the metropolis will consist of the members elected by the divisions, the number to be fixed by the Education Department, and will be called the School Board for London. The management of the new schools is vested in the school boards or in a body of managers appointed by them, consisting of not less than three persons. Each school board is a body corporate, having a perpetual succession, and a common seal, with power to acquire and hold land for the purposes of this Act.

Every child attending any of these public elementary schools is to pay a weekly fee, which, however, may be remitted by the school board in whole or part when they are of opinion that the parent is unable from poverty to pay the same. School boards may also, with the consent of the Education Department, establish free schools in their districts, and admit scholars to such schools without requiring any fee; and may also with like consent build and maintain industrial schools. United school districts may be formed should the Education Department think it expedient.

It is expressly enacted that in the schools provided by school boards "no religious catechism or religious formulary which is distinctive of any particular denomination shall be taught." In these schools, as also in all other public elementary schools which may participate in the parliamentary grant after the 31st March next, any religious observance or instruction in religious subjects is to be given at the beginning or end of the secular teaching of the day—the time or times to be shown by a table conspicuously placed. Any scholar may be withdrawn by his parent from such observance or instruction, without forfeiting any of the other benefits of the school. And although the schools shall be open at all times to any of her Majesty's inspectors, it shall be no part of their duties to examine any scholar therein in religious knowledge or in any religious subject or book. It thus appears that, under the operation of a conscience clause, in the new schools to be established under the recent Act, as well as in all existing public elementary schools which continue to receive aid from the Privy Council, the teaching of religion is recognised, though restricted to specified times. The object of Parliament in the Act is to bring home to every child in the country the blessings of elementary education, and to that end, first, as an indispensable requisite, to secure a good secular training; and while affording the fullest protection in every case to the rights of conscience, to give, in the second place, all the freedom and favour that can properly be bestowed by the action of the State on religious teaching. The House of Commons showed its resolute opposition to the exclusion of religion from the State system of education by a majority of 421 to 60.

The funds of the schools are to be supplied from several sources—from the fees of children, from local rating, and, on the stated conditions being complied with, by annual parliamentary grants. Any sum required to meet any deficiency, whether for past or future liabilities, is to be paid out of local rates.

Compulsory attendance the Act does not directly enforce. Certain by-laws the school boards may frame with the view of requiring parents to cause the attendance of their children between the ages of five and thirteen; but such by-laws must be approved by the Education Department, and shall have no force until sanctioned by her Majesty in council.

Compulsory education has of late found increased

favour with those interested in schools. Mr. Forster himself would gladly have incorporated the principle in his measure, but matters are not yet ripe for its adoption. Here we may quote the views on this point of so able and experienced an inspector of schools as Mr. Matthew Arnold, given in one of his recent reports: "The difficult thing would not be," says Mr. Arnold, "to pass a law making education compulsory, but to work such a law after we got it. In Prussia, whose example is often cited, education is not flourishing because it is compulsory, it is compulsory because it is flourishing. Because people there really prize instruction and culture, and prefer them to other things, therefore they have no difficulty in imposing on themselves the rule to get instruction and culture. In this country people prefer to them politics, station, business, money-making, pleasure, and many other things; and till we cease to prefer these things, a law which gives instruction the power to interfere with them, though a sudden impulse may make us establish it, cannot be relied upon to hold its ground and to work effectively. When instruction is valued in this country as it is in Germany, it may be made obligatory here. Meantime the best thing the friends of education can do is to foment as much as they can the national sense of its value."

We have indicated the main provisions of the Elementary Education Act, passing over details which would afford but little interest to our readers. It is undoubtedly an important result of the legislation of the present year. Its importance lies in the State taking into its own hands the task of supplementing what is deficient in the primary education of the country. Recognising and adopting all that is now being done by the agencies already in operation, aided as they are by the Privy Council, it seeks to step beyond the sphere of their action into destitute and ill-provided localities, and to find the means of public instruction for all untaught children. Unfortunately, the ignorance and apathy of parents, and the powerful competition in certain districts, especially of the labour market, will act as formidable hindrances to the success of any scheme. Parents remove their children from school because they contribute to the support of the family instead of being a burden upon its resources; and employers take them because their labour is much cheaper than that of adults. How in the present circumstances of the country this evil is to be overcome it is difficult to say. It is an evil which all existing elementary schools have to contend with. "It is hardly possible," says an inspector, "even for teachers of the highest qualifications to give larger or deeper instruction to the children under their care, as they come and go for two or three years, and finally leave the school at an age when the rich man's child is going to it." The creation of school boards, the building of schools, and the rating of the people for the support of education, are but the preliminaries of the work of instruction and culture. How to overcome apathy, how to secure regularity of attendance, how to keep the children sufficiently long until their dormant powers are awakened, their minds informed, and their characters moulded by the appliances and influences of the schoolroom, are the difficult practical questions to be met before an efficient elementary education becomes universal in England.

All means should be used to create a stronger desire for education among the poorer classes of this

country, such desire as indeed exists in some continental countries. Meantime matters wear a hopeful aspect. Through the influence of voluntary efforts, acting through a course of years, a better educated generation, soon to become parents in turn, is rising up; and the fact that an educational measure, fitted to form the basis of a national system, has become

essential: to impart the elements of secular knowledge, to teach the facts and truths of Christianity, and to elevate and improve the character. There may be much divergence of opinion as to the best means of communicating religious knowledge, whether by Sunday-schools or other special agencies, in the place of the ordinary school class, but no one who has



THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

law, is in itself a circumstance fraught with encouragement. Such direct effort on the part of the State to instruct the ignorant is a new thing in the country, and promises to realise the longings of the poet who sings of—

"The coming of that glorious day,
When, prizing knowledge as her noblest wealth
And best protection, this imperial realm,
While she exacts allegiance, shall admit
An obligation on her part to *teach*
Them who are born to serve her and obey;
Binding herself by statute to secure
For all the children whom her soil maintains
The rudiments of letters, and inform
The mind with moral and religious truth,
Both understood and practised; so that none,
However destitute, be left to droop,
By timely culture unsustained: or run
Into a wild disorder; or be forced
To drudge through a weary life without the help
Of intellectual implements and tools,
A savage horde among the civilised,
A servile band among the lordly free!"

In the education of the children of the people there are three obvious aims, each alike important and

given the subject of education any thought will be satisfied with results, however obtained, which do not secure all three. Mere intelligence may have its intellectual or commercial value, and yet bring forth no fruits in the moral and religious life. In addition to ordinary acquisitions, a knowledge of Christian doctrines must be by some means communicated—if not in the school, by increased zeal and more effective organisation in the Christian church. Combined with steadiness of conduct, truthfulness in word and deed, and cheerful obedience to parents, teachers, and all in authority, there is nothing more to be desired than that children should imbibe a religious spirit.

The Rev. H. W. Bellairs, one of the inspectors of the Church of England schools, in one of his general reports, thus writes: "My own experience is that as is the master so is the school. If he be careless and slovenly, however high his attainments, or skilful his methods, carelessness and slovenliness will be the characteristics of his school. If his standard of truthfulness and integrity be high, this standard will be felt and acted up to, more or less, by his scholars, whether they be the children of

truthful and honest parents, or of liars and rogues. Nor are the precepts taught in school of less importance in determining character. Each precept is a well-planted germ, which grows and produces fruit. I wish not to underrate the mischief of bad home influences; it is very great. I am only vindicating for our day-schools that important position, in the work of determining the character of our population, to which they are fully entitled." These words point emphatically to the vast importance of fully qualified teachers; qualified not only as respects attainments and aptitude to teach, but morally and religiously. The contagion of an elevated character in the master is invaluable; without it the permanent benefit likely to be received from religious teaching is greatly lessened. Children may be well versed in the events, words, and meaning of the Scriptures, and yet neither God-fearing nor good.

In Prussia very much more attention is given to the training of teachers than in England. The normal colleges for this purpose are numerous, and are admirable and well-endowed institutions, and supported by the Government. The art of teaching there, too, is much more cultivated than with us. "The Prussian teacher," says a writer on the system, "has no book. He needs none. He teaches from a full mind. He observes what proficiency the child has made, and then adapts his instructions, both in quality and amount, to the necessity of the case. He connects each lesson with all kindred and collateral ones; and shows its relation to the everyday duties and business of life. By these means the children are amused and interested in their studies. They go to their school with the same pleasure as a child to its nurse when expecting to hear a story told. Throughout their after-life the school-days are a happy recollection, and all that was learned there is cherished and loved, because it awakens agreeable, happy, and virtuous associations."

"The Prussians," says the same writer, "would ridicule the idea of confiding the education of girls to uneducated mistresses, such as those in our dame, and most of our female schools. They cannot conceive the case of a parent who would be willing to commit his child to the care of a person who had not been educated, most carefully and religiously, in that most difficult of all arts, the art of teaching. They think that a teacher must either improve and elevate the minds of the children or else injure and debase them. They believe that there is no such thing as being able to come into daily contact with a child without doing him either good or harm."

The dame of our illustration may be taken as a type of the race of self-constituted and unqualified teachers, of whom at one time every town and village of England could boast one or more specimens. Like many other celebrated men, the poet Shenstone began his educational career with an old dame, and in his excellent poem of the "Schoolmistress" he has left a truthful yet humorous picture of this state of things, as well as done honour to the village dame:—

"In every village marked with little spire,
Embowered in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly shed, and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we schoolmistress name;
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame:
They grieved sore, in piteous durance pent,
Awd by the power of this relentless dame;
And oftentimes, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconcerned, are sorely shent.

"Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield:
Her apron dyed in grain, as blue, I trow,
As is the harebell that adorns the field;
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear entwined,
With dark distrust, and sad repentance filled;
And steadfast hate, and sharp affliction joined,
And fury uncontrolled, and chastisement unkind."

Scolding and the application of the birch do but little to elevate the character or inform the young mind. The tribe are happily becoming extinct; and in time what was a matter of painful experience with many now living, will scarcely be credited by another generation. It will not be thought possible that the work of education could have been entrusted to ignorant women, old soldiers, broken-down tradesmen, or any one who had been unfortunate in, or unfit for, other pursuits. Such was the state of matters in villages and small towns; the larger towns had a better class of teachers.

Some of our previous remarks as to the importance of the moral and religious element will be borne out by the words of the Rev. J. P. Norris, a school inspector:—"The value of a school, after all," he says, "does not depend upon the branches of learning that are studied in it—no, nor upon the amount of religious instruction given in it—so much as upon the life that is lived in it. Unhappily for many who speak and write about education, this is a truth of which the full force can be comprehended by none but those who are spending days and years of their lives within the four walls of a school. The longer one lives in a school, or rather the more one's life is spent in passing through a great variety of schools, the more sensitive one becomes to this their most important characteristic. Spend an hour or two in one school, and you feel all the while as a man feels who is confronted for some time by a bad countenance. Go into another, and all is right and healthy again; and even before you inquire what branches of instruction are there taught, you are convinced that it cannot but be well for children to spend their days in so bright and wholesome an atmosphere. Whatever be the value or direction of the intellectual teaching, there is heart and love and healthy moral influence at work; and therein lies the real education on which the character of the after man or after woman depends."

We have the testimony of Mr. Matthew Arnold, that after a visit to continental schools he was struck on his return with the contrast our English schools presented. The latter seemed so deficient in life and spirit and cheerful alacrity. The lower orders in Germany are so much more refined than our poor, that the children of the rich often attend the primary schools, while the children of the tradespeople and the middle-classes almost invariably do so. There is an absence of coarseness; and the Prussian teacher especially, is invariably a refined and educated man. This mingling of the children, together with the influence of the teacher, tends to civilise the peasantry still more, and to produce a kindly feeling between the different ranks of society.

In one of his speeches, when the Education Bill was under discussion in the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone pointed out the powerful influence wielded by the various religious communions in the work of education. It is upon the continued exercise of that influence that the success of elementary instruction will in future depend. It is to the

beneficent impulses of our divine religion, whether acting through State schools or voluntary schools, or by new channels, that we must look for the moral elevation of the youth of the country. Nor can we better state the noble services of the churches to the cause of education than in the words of that upright Christian judge the present Lord Chancellor: "Look at the poor schools in every town and village—who have established them? The ministers of the gospel. Who have chiefly supported them? The National Society, the British and Foreign School Society, and the societies of various religious denominations." "Let every one," further urges his lordship, "honestly teach what is right, the love of Christ constraining him, and I will venture to say that we shall find our schools increasing as they have increased, in exact proportion to awakened religious zeal. It is the want of religion in parents, not their careful anxiety as to the form of religious truth taught in the school, that prevents our schools from being filled, as any one with experience in the matter will tell you."

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

v.

A SINGULAR case of mistaken identity, which must yet be in the recollection of many of our readers, occurred about nineteen years ago. It is doubly remarkable as instancing the conviction of an innocent man, and the liberation according to law of the man who was really guilty. On the 7th of February, 1851, in the dead of night, the house of David Williams, situated at Truasth, in the county of Brecknock, was broken open by forcing the shutters and window of an outhouse. Williams, an old man, who with his wife alone occupied the cottage, was alarmed by the noise, and going to the head of the stairs, saw by the light of a candle the person of a man whom he recognised as one Tom Williams, a blacksmith living in the neighbourhood, and who had formerly done some work in the house. This was only for a moment, as the light was struck out, and the burglar attacked old Williams and his wife in the dark. However, they proved too strong for him, and compelled him to take to flight. Nothing was stolen, but the drawer of a dresser in the kitchen had been ransacked, and some papers of no value turned out of it. Tom Williams, the blacksmith, was tried at the following spring assizes at Brecon for the burglary, and as the old man, who had known him from his boyhood, swore to him positively, he was convicted, and sentenced to transportation. Happily for him, however, a person named Morris was present at the trial, who, on hearing the verdict, at once exculpated the convicted man, and directed the attention of the police to one Powell, as the real criminal. Strict inquiry was immediately instituted, the result of which was that Powell was committed. He was tried before the late Mr. Justice Talfourd, and convicted on evidence perfectly conclusive. It seems old Williams had lent Powell six hundred pounds on mortgage, taking as security certain title deeds. Williams commenced proceedings to recover principal and interest, and Powell committed the burglary to possess himself of the documents; hence the ransacking of the dresser drawer in which he believed they

had been deposited. The blacksmith was of course pardoned on the report of Mr. Justice Talfourd, and was discharged in September. But the real criminal was also discharged, although his guilt was clear as the sun at noonday. The jury convicted him of breaking open the house "with intent to steal the title-deeds;" the indictment charged his intent to be to "steal the goods and chattels." The Appeal Court held the conviction bad, and so, despite of fact, and thanks to law, Powell shook the gaol dust from his feet, and walked forth a free man.

A curious case of identification occurred in America about twenty years ago. This was an instance in which the guilt of a crime was brought home to the perpetrator through the identifying of a body after it had been separated limb from limb, submitted to chemical processes, and to the inordinate heat of a furnace, and mingled with the countless bones of anatomical subjects in their common burying-place. One Professor Webster was brought to trial for the murder of Dr. Parkman. It was shown that the professor had urgent pecuniary motives, at the time when the crime was committed, to get Dr. Parkman out of the way. The prisoner had a residence at the Medical College, Boston. He made an appointment to meet the deceased at this place at two o'clock on Friday the 23rd of November, 1849, in order to discuss certain money matters. Dr. Parkman was seen about a quarter before two o'clock apparently about to enter the Medical College, and after that was never again seen alive. The prisoner affirmed that Dr. Parkman did not keep his appointment, and did not enter the college at all on that day. For a whole week nothing was discovered, and when search was made the prisoner interfered with it, and threw hindrances in the way. On the Friday week and the day following there were found in a furnace connected with the prisoner's laboratory in the college, fused together indiscriminately with the slag, the cinders, and the refuse of the fuel, a large number of bones and certain blocks of mineral teeth. A quantity of gold, which had been melted, was also found. Other bones were found in a vault under the college. There was also discovered in a tea-chest, and embedded in a quantity of tan, the entire trunk of a human body and other bones. The parts thus collected together from different places, made up the entire body of a person of Dr. Parkman's age, about sixty years, and the form of the body when reconstructed had just the peculiarities shown to be possessed by Dr. Parkman. In no single particular were the parts dissimilar to those of the deceased, nor in the tea-chest or the furnace were any duplicate parts found over and above what was necessary to compose one body. The remains were further shown to have been separated by a person possessed of anatomical skill, though not for anatomical purposes. Finally, three witnesses, dentists, testified to the mineral teeth found being those made for Dr. Parkman three years before. A mould of the doctor's jaw had been made at the time, and it was produced, and shown to be so peculiar that no accidental conformity of the teeth to the jaw could possibly account for the adaptation. This last piece of evidence was conclusive against the prisoner, and he was convicted. Without this closing proof the evidence would certainly have been unsatisfactory. The character of the prisoner, the possible confusion throughout the college of the remains of anatomical subjects, the undistinguished

features, and the illusiveness of evidence derived from the likeness of a reconstructed body, were all facts of a nature to substantiate assumptions in favour of the prisoner's innocence. It is singular that the block of mineral teeth was only accidentally preserved, having been found so near the bottom of the furnace as to take the current of cold air, whose impact had prevented the thorough combustion that would otherwise have taken place.

It would be easy to cite additional cases bearing on the question of identity. Perhaps there is no portion of the subject of evidence with regard to which mistakes are more liable to be made, and are made more frequently, than this. Hence we find that judges in English courts are invariably cautious and slow in accepting apparent proofs of identity, and requiring in all cases that there shall be no room left for reasonable doubt. There is always ample reason for the extremest caution, inasmuch as facts, or seeming facts, tending to implicate the innocent, may be easily fabricated by guilty persons anxious to divert suspicion from themselves. Of this, indeed, the reader who has accompanied us thus far must be sufficiently well aware.

It used to be generally supposed that when persons charged with crime confess their guilt there can be no cause for doubt on the subject, and that such persons are justly liable to the penalty of the law. Confession is attributed to the absence of any fair grounds of defence—to penitence and the feelings of remorse—to the desire of making reparation in some degree to injured society, or to the hope of obtaining a more lenient sentence than might otherwise be awarded. But, whatever the motive is supposed to be, the guilt of the confessing person is presumed. It has been shown by experience, however, that such a presumption is very often unfounded. Persons have been known to confess crimes of the gravest character, of which they were afterwards shown to be innocent, being urged by incentives the force of which it is difficult to estimate or even to acknowledge at all, but which nevertheless have proved sufficient to determine them to acknowledge as true, accusations which were false. For this reason, in English courts of justice no confession is ever listened to when it can be shown that the slightest word or deed could be construed into an inducement to make it; and in nearly all cases where a prisoner pleads guilty, he is advised to retract his plea, and allowed time to reconsider it. We shall cite one or two cases in which convictions based on the confessions of the accused have proved, when such proof was too late, to have been unjust.

On the 6th of August, 1660, William Harrison, who was steward to Lady Campden, a person of good estate in Gloucestershire, left his home in order to collect her rents. There happened to reside in the neighbourhood a humble family of the name of Perry, a mother and two sons, Joan, John, and Richard, of whom Joan, the mother, bore but an indifferent character, and John, one of the sons, was known to be half-witted. It so happened that days and weeks elapsed, and yet Harrison did not return, nor were any tidings heard of him. Of course, the population of the place became excited, and rumours soon became rife that he had been robbed and murdered. From the mission on which he was

known to have left his home, and his prolonged absence, the suspicion was not unnatural. The alarm which ensued, and the numberless inventions which were circulated, are supposed to have bewildered what little intellect the poor idiot had, for he actually went before a justice of the peace, and solemnly deposed to the murder of Harrison by his brother Richard, while his mother and himself looked on, and afterwards joined in robbing the deceased of a hundred and forty pounds. On this the whole three were sent to prison, and at the following assizes were doubly indicted for the robbery and the murder. The presiding judge, Sir Charles Turner, refused to try them on the murder indictment, as the body had not been found; they were, however, arraigned on the charge of robbery, and pleaded guilty on some vague superstition that their lives would be spared. While in confinement John persisted in the charge, adding that his mother and brother had attempted to poison him in the gaol for peaching. When the next assizes came, Sir Robert Hyde, considering the length of time which had elapsed, and the non-appearance of Harrison, tried them for the murder. The depositions of John, and the plea on the indictment for robbery, were given in evidence, and the whole three were forthwith convicted. On the trial John retracted his accusation, declaring that he was mad when he made it, and knew not what he said. They all suffered death. The mother was executed first, it being alleged that she influenced her sons, and that they would never confess while she was living: they both died, however, loudly protesting their innocence. But the disappearance of Harrison, the confession of John, and the plea of "guilty" to the indictment for robbery, seemed to invest the case with every human certainty.

After this poor, ignorant, and deluded family had lain in the grave for three years, lo! the people of Gloucester were startled by the reappearance in their streets of the murdered Harrison! He accounted for his long absence thus, in a letter to Sir Thomas Overbury. On returning homewards after the receipt of Lady Campden's rents, he was set upon by a gang of crimps, who forced him to the seashore, where they hurried him on shipboard, and carried him off to Turkey. They there sold him as a slave to a physician, with whom he lived for nearly two years, when, his master dying, he made his escape in a Hamburg vessel to Lisbon, and was thence conveyed to England.

On the 6th of October, 1806, Thomas Wood, a young seaman, was tried at Plymouth by naval court-martial. The offence charged was an active participation in a mutiny and murder on board the "Hermione," in 1797. At the time of his trial, he was only twenty-five years old, and therefore somewhere about sixteen when the mutiny took place. There was but one witness against him; one, however, whose testimony had considerable weight, the master of the "Hermione." This person most positively identified him as one of those chiefly implicated, and as having gone, when on board his ship, by the name of James Hayes. The identification undoubtedly was strong; but still, considering the personal changes which generally take place between the age of sixteen and twenty-five, and after an interruption of nine years in the intercourse, scarcely strong enough to warrant a conviction. But all doubt of the prisoner's guilt vanished at once before

the voluntary statement which he put in, in the form of a written document. "At the time," said the written statement, "when the mutiny took place, I was a boy in my fourteenth year. Compelled by the torrent of mutiny, I took the oath administered to me on the occasion. The examples of death which were before my eyes drove me for shelter among the mutineers, dreading a similar fate with those that fell if I sided with or showed the smallest inclination for mercy." To this frank and sweeping confession of his guilt he added a declaration of profound remorse for his crime, and wound up by throwing himself despairingly on the compassion of the court. The court found him guilty, passed upon him the sentence of death, and eleven days afterwards he was executed. In vain were all his supplications for compassion. In vain did his brother and sister interfere, proving, by a certificate from the Navy Office, that his written statement must have been a mere hallucination, seeing that the boy was at another place and in another ship when the crime was committed on board the "Hermione."

The subsequent establishment of this poor victim's innocence was most complete and satisfactory. The editor of a weekly journal, called the "Independent Whig," took up the matter very sternly, and denounced all the proceedings so indignantly from time to time that the members of the court-martial appealed to the Lords of the Admiralty for protection against the journalist. The Lords of the Admiralty responded to the appeal, and a prosecution was at once instituted. It was fortunate that the then law officers of the crown were Sir Arthur Pigott and Sir Samuel Romilly. These discreet men deemed it prudent to set on foot a strict inquiry into the facts before committing themselves to a public prosecution, "not, however," as Sir Samuel afterwards stated, "that either of us entertained any doubt as to the man's guilt." An inquiry was accordingly instituted by the solicitor of the Admiralty, the result of which was that Thomas Wood, who had been hanged for mutiny and murder, was proved to have been perfectly innocent, and was actually shown to have been doing his duty on board the "Marlborough" at Portsmouth at the very time that the crime was committed by the mutineers in the "Hermione." The reader naturally asks, How came Thomas Wood, if he was an innocent man, to confess himself guilty? The answer is not far to seek. Wood was a simple-minded Jack tar; he had no friends of any influence; he knew, or thought he knew, that no assertions of his would be of any avail against the positive evidence of the master of the "Hermione;" he therefore applied to another man to write a defence for him. Wood read the production of his comrade, and thinking it likely to excite the compassion of his judges, and that it would serve him better than a mere denial of the charges brought against him, adopted it. That the means chosen by his ignorant comrade for his defence proved his destruction, there can be no doubt. The confession acted as a bar to further inquiry, otherwise it is impossible to conceive that the certificate sent in by the brother and sister previous to the execution, and which showed the poor man's innocence, should not have been attended to. The truth was, that to all concerned in the condemnation of Thomas Wood, the facts were so clear, owing to the confession, that no regard whatever was paid to the exertions of his

friends, and the official certificate was not merely slighted, it was probably never read.

About a generation back, when juries, aghast at the frequent executions for forgery, insisted upon such strictness of proof as to make conviction almost impossible in many cases, and acquitted very often where the proof was perfect, a man named Smith pleaded guilty to the charge. All remonstrance was lost on him, his friends in vain advised him, in vain the judge urged him to stand his trial; he persisted in his plea of guilty, and sentence was passed upon him. In due time he was ordered for execution; the condemned sermon was actually preached. At this crisis the indefatigable Sheriff Wilde, who had already saved the lives of men innocently condemned, was appealed to by a tradesman of Cornhill, a relative of the prisoner. He proceeded to the cell of the condemned man with a heavy heart, because apparently on a hopeless mission. There, however, he heard the explanation of his plea, and a portentous explanation it was. The case of Smith had been instituted by the Bankers' Committee. Some short time before the sessions their solicitor authorised Mr. Cope, then the city marshal, to assure Smith that if he should plead guilty his life would be spared. Relying on that promise he did so, but the law had been allowed to take its course notwithstanding, and he was now (utterly forgotten by those who had caused the promise to be made him) within four days of his execution. The sheriff, scarcely crediting his senses, hurried to the Home Office, where happily his exertions were seconded by the prompt humanity of Sir Robert Peel. The minister, as much astonished as the sheriff, at once solicited the aid of Lord Lyndhurst, then lord chancellor. A most vigilant investigation was immediately set on foot; prosecutor, solicitor, city marshal, and others were summoned to the lord chancellor's private room at the House of Lords, and underwent a strict examination. The sheriff's narrative was true, and in consequence of his timely interference, and from that cause alone, the life of Smith was saved.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE REV. DR. KEITH,* AUTHOR OF "THE FULFILMENT OF PROPHECY."

We have reached a time when a retrospect may be taken of the past history of the world, as it may be read by the light of prophecy.

"The Fourth Kingdom on Earth," or the Latin, existed in the greatness of its power when the Apocalypse was written. Rome was then "the city which reigneth over the kings of the earth." The mystery is revealed of the Beast that finally carrieth the scarlet-clothed Woman, seated on the seven hills, and which is that great city which reigneth over the kings of the earth (Rev. xvii. 18). It is said, in definition of the seven heads, that *one is*. That is, it existed at the time of the Apocalyptic prophecy being written. When that Cæsarean head fell, and

* It will interest many readers to know the views of Dr. Keith, the veteran student and expositor of prophecy, upon the eventful times in which we live. The introductory paragraphs were written in a letter to the editor, after the declaration of war between France and Germany, but before any decisive results had appeared. The extract which follows is from Dr. Keith's last book, "The History and Destiny of the Church and the World."

the kingdoms were divided, the papacy arose; and the city of the Cæsars became thereafter the city of the popes.

Six of the seven heads had then passed away; and the mystery is told of both "the woman and of the beast that carrieth her." * Never since the days of the Roman Cæsars was the Latin kingdom united under another head, till the days of Napoleon I. When the other [king] cometh he continueth a short space, and "the eighth is of the seven, and goeth into perdition." It is that reconstituted empire which sustains the Pope in Rome.

A confederacy of the Latin kingdoms has, I think, still to be looked for. Whether the present war will prepare the way for that union has yet to be seen. I think there is reason to believe that this war at least is the precursor of other movements in the East, which will lead to the restoration of the Jews, as a nation, to Palestine. A point of actual or as predicted history of both Gentiles and Jews will then be reached, from which a sure retrospect and prospect also may be taken.

The rapidity with which great events are progressing—such as the "casting-up of highways" and the "running to and fro" of many—the increase of knowledge and science—the preaching of the gospel to all nations—the union of spiritual and civil despotism—the progress of the democratic spirit towards anarchy and its short triumph, when that union shall be broken—all seem to betoken that the time, though not yet, draweth nigh, when "the deaf shall hear the words of the Book, and the eyes of the blind shall see out of obscurity and darkness."

It is to be noted that "he that is the eighth, and is of the seven," in the mystery of the seven kings as seven heads, is not to be referred to an individual but to a dynasty. Of one remarkable series of events, the revival, for a short space, of the Napoleonic dynasty, I have thus elsewhere written:—†

"Thrice it is repeated of the beast that carrieth the scarlet-clothed woman, and hath the seven heads and ten horns, that it is 'the beast which was, and is not.' 'And they that dwell on the earth shall wonder, whose names were not written in the book of life, when they behold the beast that was, and is not, and yet is' (shall be present). They behold it—they know and recognise it, without the shadow of a doubt. They know, the world knew, that it was. Ere then it had been seen and known of all men—a beast that had a head; a kingdom uniting long divided kingdoms, that had indeed a king; an empire at whose head was an emperor: and they knew it to be more than the mere image of the beast. They had seen it, mighty as it was, though but for a short space. They had seen it sink, and cease; cease for ever, as they might well have thought, and as their wonder at its reascension shows that they did. They had seen that it was: thereafter they knew that it is not. It had lived, and reigned; but it was dead, and gone; never, in human seeming, to be restored again. Such, in one word here, according to the world's knowledge of the beast, it was; and then, in another, as sufficing for it thereafter, it is not; and such was all that the

world thus could know of it. But it is written further, 'And they that dwell on the earth shall wonder, when they behold the beast that was, and is not, and yet is' (or shall be present). To their wonder they behold it again. It is not needful that their names be written in the book of life, in order to see things so notorious as these. It is enough for this, that they dwell on the earth. Such is the beast that carrieth the woman, as the judgment of the great harlot is shown; and as the mystery of the woman and of the beast that carrieth her is shown.

"But is it come to this? Are the times so changed, that he whose look was more stout than his fellows, he into whose hands times and laws were so long given; that he who did according to his will, and magnified himself above all; that he who exercised all the power of the first beast in his presence, all the authority of the old Roman empire in the sight of its divided kingdoms; he who created emperors and kings, and cast them down from their thrones, and absolved their subjects from the oath of allegiance to their sovereigns; that he who shook from century to century kings and kingdoms with the thunders of the Vatican, and feared not to name them in his anathemas; that he whose feet submissive emperors and kings did kiss, and to whom princes, traversing the Alps and Apennines, went to receive from him their imperial crown at Rome; that he whose secular sovereignty in his own dominions, for a thousand years, could put to mockery many an ephemeral dynasty; that he who, but as yesterday, could boast his three millions of subjects to support his throne, and two hundred millions of children to support their Father's chair, should need a confessed parvenu to sustain him, a beast to carry him which, as all the world knew, so soon before was not?"

"1. 'I will tell thee the mystery of the woman, and of the beast that carrieth her.'—On the opening of the French Legislature, March 1, 1860, Napoleon III thus addressed the assembly: 'The facts speak loudly for themselves. For the last eleven years I have sustained alone at Rome the power of the Holy Father, without having ceased a single day to revere in him the sacred character of the chief of our religion.' The Emperor's speech to the French Chambers, February 4, 1861: . . . 'It is enough for the grandeur of the country that it should maintain its right where it is indispensable, to defend its honour where it is attacked, to lend its assistance where it may be invoked in favour of a just cause. . . . It is thus that, to avenge our honour in the extreme East, our flag, united with that of Great Britain, has floated victoriously from the walls of Peking; and that the Cross—emblem of Christian civilisation—again surmounts in the capital of China the temples of our religion, closed for more than a century. . . . At Rome I have thought it necessary to augment the garrison, when the security of THE HOLY FATHER appeared to be menaced.'

"2. The beast that carrieth the scarlet-clothed woman, who sitteth on the seven hills, and is identified with the city which, in the days of the apostles, reigned over the kings of the earth, is the beast that was, and is not; even he is the eighth. 'The Legislative Body, December 1, 1851, having terminated their operations, all the members, with their president at their head, all the members of the Senate and all the Councillors of State, resorted to St. Cloud. The ceremony took place in the grand gallery of Apollo, in the palace of St. Cloud. The

* The prophetic symbol is altered as to the papacy in its latter time. Such is the change of its condition, though not of its spirit, when the end is shown, that what was before represented as "a beast with two horns," now takes the form of a woman carried by a beast, as if able no longer to support herself or keep her place on her own seven-hilled city.

† "History and Destiny of the Church and of the World." 1861. p. 468. Nelsons.

Emperor entered the gallery, and took his place before the throne. . . . "The *new reign*," he thus spoke, "which you inaugurate to-day, has not for its origin, like so many others in history, violence, conquest, or craft. It is, you come to declare, the legal result of the will of a whole people, which consolidates in the midst of calmness what had been founded in the bosom of agitations. I am penetrated with thankfulness toward the nation which three times in four years has sustained me by its suffrages, and each time has augmented the majority only to increase my power. . . . I take to-day, with the crown, the name of Napoleon III, because the logic of the people has already given it to me in their acclamations, because the Senate has alike proposed it, and because the entire nation has ratified it. Is it, however, to say that, in accepting the title, I fall into the reproachful error of a prince, who, returning from exile, declared null and of no effect all that had been done in his absence? Far from me be such frenzy. Not only do I recognise the governments which have preceded me, but I inherit in some sort what they have done of good or evil; for successive governments, in spite of their different origin, are responsible for their predecessors. But the more I accept all, after fifty years, that history has transmitted with its inflexible authority, the less am I permitted to pass in silence the glorious reign of the HEAD OF MY FAMILY, and the regular though ephemeral title of his son (*king of Rome*). . . . My reign does not date from the year 1815; it dates from the moment you come to make known to me the suffrages of the nation." The *Napoleonic dynasty* recommenced.' At a grand military fête, May 10, 1852, in the Champ de Mars, Napoleon III restored the eagles to the armies of France. He thus addressed the soldiers: 'The *Roman eagle*, adopted by the Emperor Napoleon at the commencement of this century, was a brilliant signal of the grandeur of France. It disappeared among our calamities. It ought to return when France, raised up again from her defeats, should no more repudiate her proper glory. Soldiers! take again the eagles which have so often led our fathers to glory.' In the beginning of the year 1855, as recorded in the 'Moniteur,' he thus addressed, before the palace of the Tuileries, a detachment of the Imperial Guard previous to its departure to join the army in the Crimea: 'Soldiers! the French people, in the sovereignty of their will, have set up again many things deemed for ever dead, and now the empire is reconstituted. . . . The Imperial Guard, the heroic representative of military glory and honour, is here before me, surrounding the Emperor as of yore, wearing the same uniform, carrying the same flags. . . . Receive, then, those eagles, which will lead you on to victory, as they led your fathers. . . . Soon will you have helped to plant our eagles on the wall of Sebastopol.'

"Of this reconstituted empire, as of the beast that ascendeth from the abyss, it can truly be said, as it is written, 'It was, and is not, and yet is.' Deemed for ever dead, the empire is reconstituted."

"3. The beast that thou sawest was, and is not, and shall ascend out of the abyss." The *Roman eagle*, said Napoleon III, 'disappeared among our calamities. Take again the eagles,' etc. The nation, 'three times in four years, has sustained me by its suffrages, and each time has augmented the majority only to increase my power.' 'After thirty-three years

of exile and five years of captivity, the nephew of the emperor has been chosen, by the suffrage of five millions and a half of Frenchmen, President of the French Republic.' 'He was proclaimed Chief of the State, 20th December, 1848.' 'In 1852 he was elected Emperor.' 'It is a thing worthy of remark, that the number of suffrages always increased during four years. In 1848 it was five millions and a half; in 1851, seven millions five hundred thousand; in 1852 it is nearly eight millions. The popularity of the prince ascended, ascended, ascended always (*montait, montait, montait toujours*), and now seemed to attain a summit so elevated, that it was believed to be inaccessible to the ambition of one man, however great it was.'

"4. And they that dwell on the earth SHALL WONDER, when they behold the beast that was, and is not, and yet is (*shall be present*). 'On learning the number of affirmative suffrages, France was as it were dazzled. Seven millions eight hundred thousand suffrages! it seemed almost a miracle, like some of the victories of the hero of Austerlitz, it was fabulous success. In reading the journals which announced the fact, all the world believed that it read a fairy tale.'

"When the Cæsarean, or Roman Imperial, head fell, when the one head was as it were slain to death—when he that letted was taken out of the way, the man of sin was revealed; another beast arose, which exercised all the authority of the first beast in his presence. And not till the judgment of the great harlot is shown, is the mystery of the beast that carrieth her, and of its seven heads, told: 'And there are seven kings: five are fallen, and one is; the other is not yet come; and when he cometh he must continue a short space. And the beast that was, and is not, even he is the eighth, and is of the seven, and goeth into perdition.'"

Varieties.

THE HORRORS OF WAR.—Our columns during the last few days have afforded some vivid illustrations of the horrors of war; but a letter from our correspondent at Berlin, recounting the official report of the German losses, concentrates these horrors in an appalling enumeration. He tells us that the German armies have already (Aug. 17) been literally decimated. Instances have occurred in which companies have left half their number on the field. The total loss of the Germans is estimated by themselves at not less than 50,000 in dead and wounded. The letters of eye-witnesses are equally eloquent in their ghastly reality. Take, for instance, the scene in the church near Spicheren, described in a letter we published from a German surgeon. It tells of sights and sounds which in ordinary times we should refuse even to imagine. They are shrouded under some poetical halo, or hidden in historical generalities. But they are to be seen in all their horror within twenty-four hours' journey of this city; and it is necessary to realise that such things can be, and that they are part of the inevitable circumstance of war. The floor of the church, from the steps of the altar to the porch of the churchyard, is covered with wounded soldiers lying side by side on straw; "some are silent, with closed eyes, and tight, compressed lips, the others pitifully wailing." Pictures of the Great Passion surround them, and blend in mysterious harmony with the pangs of the mangled sufferers. All except two are hopeless. The sisters of mercy cannot soothe their restless cravings, and a hand to clasp in their dying agonies seems the best boon that can be bestowed on them. Outside the church, amputated limbs are thrown together and buried in a heap. When the surgeon goes home from his work he is met by the news of another German victory, bought at the price of many more such scenes as that he has just quitted. The various struggles of the battle-field seem to be decided by the sheer

annihilation of one side or the other. We read of regiments of French cuirassiers charging the Prussian artillery one instant, and disappearing the next. The sudden unmasking of a mitrailleuse battery sweeps away in a few moments a body of the best nobility of Germany. Even Balaklava would seem to have been eclipsed in every battle that has yet been fought. The enormous extent of the slaughter must more than neutralise the merciful exertions made to relieve the wounded. What were the hopes of a wounded man on one of the three battle-fields near Metz? While both armies were gathering their energies for another effort at mutual destruction, where was the time, or where were the hands, to tend the thousands of wounded who lay helpless among the dead? "It must be accepted as a fact," says one of our correspondents, "that the wounded in any of these engagements may be left for days on the field utterly unattended." That was the fate of many, says an eye-witness, after Sadowa. Mitrailleuses and modern field artillery render such scenes unavoidable. To avert them, in any considerable degree, the ambulance corps would have to be nearly as large as the army itself. As it is, all Europe seems placed under contributions for surgeons, nurses, lint, and bandages, and the cry is still that it is hopeless to send enough. "The misery," says our Frankfort correspondent, "is beyond all conception, and of doctors and bandages there is an utter failure." For good or for evil this sudden and immeasurable misery is the inevitable price of all future wars. Hitherto a knowledge of the full horrors of war has been chiefly confined to those who suffered or relieved them—to soldiers, peasants, or surgeons. The world in general has read the despatches, rejoiced at the victories, and paid due honour alike to the fallen and to the survivors. The grand emotions which war excites, the noble qualities it calls forth, its dazzling successes and vast results, have cast an illusive glory over all its details. We can scarcely conceive a higher duty than to dissipate this most gigantic and cruel of all illusions, and to make the world see war as it really is.—*Times*.

PAPAL INFALLIBILITY.—The following are the words in which the dogma of papal infallibility was finally proclaimed:—"We, firmly adhering to the tradition received from the commencement of the Christian religion, to the glory of God our Saviour, the exaltation of the Christian religion, and the salvation of Christian people, with the approval of the Sacred Council, teach and define it as a doctrine revealed by God that the Roman pontiff, when he speaks *ex cathedra*, or when, in the exercise of the office of pastor and teacher of all Christians, he defines by his supreme apostolic authority any doctrine of faith or manners, ought to be considered by the whole Church as possessing, through the divine assistance promised to him in the blessed Peter, that infallibility which the divine Redeemer chose to furnish to the Church when defining any doctrine of faith or manners, and that such definitions are of themselves unchangeable. If any one, which may the Lord forbid, should dare to contradict this, our definition, let him be anathema."

MADAGASCAR'S FIRST MARTYR.—Thirty years ago, in March, 1837, on a Sunday morning, the little prison of the capital at Ambatonakanga was opened, and a young woman was led forth to be put to death. She was just thirty, fair to look upon, and of gentle manners; and her face was lit with that bright radiance which springs from the conviction that God and heaven are very near. She walked forth with firm step; she was surrounded by the guards; and, though going to die, she began to sing in a joyous tone the hymns that she had loved. Followed by a crowd, of which some hooted and some were lost in wonder, she passed through the city, towards the dreary ditch at the south end of the long ridge on which the capital is built. The scene before her and on either side was one of unusual beauty. East, west, and south, the broad green plain of Imerina stretched to the distant horizon, presenting to the eye bright gleams of lakes and watercourses, of fertile fields and wooded hills, amongst which nestled the rich villages, and the flocks and herds were feeding in peace. She saw it not. She saw not the smiling land, the taunting crowd, the cruel executioner; she saw only the face of her Lord. Descending the hill, she knelt to pray; and, so praying, she was speared. No common honour descended upon her that day; she was the first martyr of Christ's Church in the island of Madagascar. Thirty-two years have passed away. Again the crowds gather at the "White Village," and another woman comes down to pray, the object of attraction to all eyes. But this is the Queen of Madagascar. On the white ridge which overhangs the ditch where Rasalama died, stands a handsome church with its lofty spire, which has been erected to her memory, and will bear her name upon its walls. The church is crowded with Christian worshippers, and vast numbers are compelled to remain outside. The queen, not a persecutor, but a friend, comes to join her

people in dedicating the church to Christian worship; and in special sympathy with the occasion, offers her Bible for pulpit use. The prime minister, whose predecessors had assigned Christians to death, now urges his countrymen, in stirring words, to believe in Christ, because he is the Saviour of the world. To all who are present, ruler and subjects, the occasion is one of unfeigned joy. The report of the Mission speaks of 20,000 hearers added to the congregations during last year; and returns the converts at 37,000 persons, including 7,000 members.—*London Missionary Report*.

"THE GALLERY" AT WASHINGTON.—The Select Committee on the resolution requiring W. Scott Smith, of the "New York Evening Post," to show cause, if he can, why he should not be expelled from the reporters' gallery for certain publications in that paper, have made a report. After stating all that appeared before them, they say that—"In their judgment, Representatives Fitch and M'Cormick stand completely exonerated from all charge or suspicion, or even complicity, in any of the schemes for sustaining the Cuban cause by the use of improper influences. In considering the resolution for the expulsion of Smith, the question of legal rights and the liabilities of conductors of the press comes properly under review. The law upon this subject has kept pace with the advance of free principles in other respects. A free press is the life of a free government. The representatives of the people are but their servants and agents, and it is of the highest importance that the people have means of information as to the conduct of their representatives upon all matters of public concern. The public press is the only means of making such information generally known to the people. It should, therefore, be allowed the most unlimited freedom, consistent with individual rights and individual reputations. In former times the publications of proceedings of judicial tribunals and parliamentary bodies were not privileged, if they reflected injuriously upon private character; but the law is now settled that such reports are entirely privileged, provided they are fairly and honestly reported. So all conduct of public men upon public matters is fair subject of discussion and comment in the public press, subject only to the condition that the comments are made honestly and upon reasonable grounds of belief in their truth. The committee are satisfied that Smith had no wanton or malicious purpose to defame or malign either Mr. Fitch or Mr. M'Cormick; his fault was in not exercising caution in relation to the authority upon which he made his statements; and his failure in this respect is said to be attributed to that somewhat excessive anxiety and rivalry among correspondents to provide for their respective employers earlier and more startling news than any other. The most that can be made of Taylor's affidavit is that propositions or offers had been made to members, and not that any had been accepted. The assumption was clearly unjustifiable. While the committee consider the correspondent of the 'Evening Post' has not been without fault, they are also of opinion that his fault is not of such flagrant character as to justify his expulsion from the gallery, or even to warrant any formal resolution of censure."

ROBINSON'S CHAPEL AT CAMBRIDGE.—When Robinson first occupied the pulpit of the Baptist meeting at Cambridge, he was exposed to annoyances from the younger gownsmen. They incurred no danger of rustication, being put out of sizing, or even suffering an imposition, for irregularities of that kind. He succeeded, however, in the course of a few years, in effecting a change, and, Mr. Dyer says, became popular with a large class. It was soon after his settlement there that a wager arose among a party of undergraduates. One of them wagered that he would take his station on the steps of the pulpit, with a large ear-trumpet in his hand, and remain there till the end of the service. Accordingly, he mounted the steps, put the trumpet to his ear, and played the part of a deaf man with all possible gravity. His friends were in the aisle below, tittering at the hoax; the congregation were scandalised; but the preacher alone seemed insensible to what was going on. The sermon was on God's mercy—or whatever the subject might have been at first, in due time it soon turned to that—and the preacher proceeded to this effect:—"Not only, my Christian friends, does the mercy of God extend to the most enormous of criminals, so that none, however guilty, may not, if duly penitent, be partakers of the divine grace; but also there are none so low, so mean, so worthless, as not to be objects of God's fatherly solicitude and care. Indeed, I do hope that it may one day be extended to"—and then, leaning over the pulpit, he stretched out his arm to its utmost length, and placing it on the head of the gownsman, finished his sentence—"to this silly boy!" The wager was lost, for the trumpet fell, and the discomfited stripling bolted.—*Diary of Henry Crabb Robinson*.

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